

American Men Are Too Busy With Ticker and Tailor That's Why Englishmen Win Our Choice Girls, Says Lord Northcliffe



LOVE FOR DOLL COST CHILD HER LIFE

Little One Fell from Fire-Escape Trying to Save Her Favorite.

Little six-year-old Grace Tillman loved her "dolly" so well that she gave her life for it. Grace was a bright child, and the pride of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tillman, of No. 77 Second avenue. She had only recently started to school, and did not get to play with her doll as much as she liked. When vacation came, however, she and the toy, which seemed to be animated with life and happiness to the motherly little miss, were inseparable. For several days she had been making new clothes for it, and had several little dresses in which she would proudly attire it successively many times a day.

Yesterday afternoon she was trying a new dress on the doll as she sat on the fire-escape of her home, on the fourth floor. She laid one dress aside and started to put on another, when the doll fell, or was blown by a sudden gust of wind, from her tiny hands. Fell Through Fire-Escape.

It caught on the edge of the fire-escape opening, and Grace, thinking that her "dolly" was in danger of falling and being "killed," hastened to try and save it.

She missed her footing and tumbled through the opening, falling to the concrete court below. Her mother was in the front part of the flat when she heard a pitiful cry as the child fell. Rushing to the back window she saw the crushed form below and frantically climbed down the fire-escape to the yard.

Tenderly picking her up, the child murmured into her mother's ear:

"Oh, mamma, my poor dolly!"

She died in her mother's arms.

Some one went to the Belmont tunnel, where the father is employed as an engineer.

Father Hears of Accident.

"Your little girl has fallen from the fire-escape," he was told.

"Is she dead?" he asked as he ran for his hat. Then didn't have the heart to tell him, so they said she was only badly hurt.

"Come in and see what a pretty child she was," said Mr. Tillman to-day to an Evening World reporter. He made no effort to restrain his grief as he bent over the little white cadaver.

"A peculiar thing about it," he continued, "is that I lost my balance last September and fell from the same fire-escape. They took me to Bellevue Hospital, but I received only a fractured wrist."

At the death of the child her doll was found hanging to the escape slowly swinging in the breeze.

DESERTED, SUES BRIDE.

Young Bostonian Demands \$700 and Price of Engagement Ring.

CHICAGO, July 6.—William A. Horsfall, of Boston, who recently came into his father's large estate and on May 14 last was married to Miss Florence Tardion, of Chicago, the acknowledged beauty of the city, has begun suit against his wife for \$700, which he placed in a bank in her name, and \$100, the cost of engagement ring. Six weeks of honeymoon was enough for the bride, she summoned her mother and returned with her to Chicago.

"My husband gave me \$700 on our wedding day and it is in the bank," she said. "I shall fight him. I owe him nothing. He said that I was a Boston girl and some of it I used. I shall never return to my husband again, never. He insulted me and beat me. He is a brute. I cannot bear to think of him."

Horsfall is twenty-five years old and his bride is twenty-three.

Heart Disease Kills Banker.

DETROIT, Mich., July 6.—John S. Gray, President of the German-American Bank of this city, Vice-President of the National Union Company and prominently connected with a number of other large business enterprises in this city, died last night in his home here from heart trouble, with which he had been suffering for some months. He is survived by a widow and four children.

Declares That the Yankee 'Presses His Suits While the Briton Presses His Suit,' and Having Said This He Still Lives.

SCENE—The St. Regis. Suite 1,902-1,903. This morning, at 9 o'clock. Much red and gold splendor. A view of St. Thomas's gilded spire, Lord Northcliffe and I. Lord Northcliffe, resembling at the same time Napoleon, and Edmund Russell shakes hands.

I (opening for the prosecution)—Lord Northcliffe, you have said that the American woman prefers the Englishman; that the American man rushes his courtship; doesn't know how to make love. I want you to tell me, if you will, just what your ideas of correct love-making are.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE (with a shrug)—Talk about love at nine o'clock in the morning? Who ever heard of such a thing? Dreadful! Dreadful!

I—Nine o'clock is as good as any other time for theorizing. And if the poor American lover needs reforming as much as you say, we can't begin on him too soon.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—Here is my opinion of the American man's courtship. Too much bouquet, too much bon-bon—(then, with capitalizing emphasis)—not enough BRUTE!

I (shuddering at the realistic rolling of Rs in that fearsome word)—Brute? Why, I never—that is most women who have met them think they are not brutes enough.

HERE COMES THAT BRITISH PUN.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—My dear young lady, you don't know us. What I mean is that the American man neglects the essentials of courtship for his accessories. He pays too much attention to his clothes. You know your man care far more for clothes than we do. The American man presses his suits instead of his suit.

The inevitable British pun had happened and I still lived. Indeed, I rose smiling after taking the count. "I have always found Englishmen phlegmatic—what we call slow. You know, if a woman cares for a man she likes to feel, to see that her beauty, her cleverness interests him, affect him—to use a slang expression, get on his nerves. An Englishman never lets her find it out."

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—You like nerves?

I—Nerves and nerve are, I think, the essentials of successful courtship. LORD NORTHCLIFFE (tragically)—My dear young lady, pray get over that idea. You'll be marrying a man who can't breathe without a bromo seltzer, on the verge of paresis. Don't marry a man with the jimpas. You want, all American women want, a man calm, strong, serene—perhaps a little phlegmatic, as you might say.

IS THE BRITON A NERVE SEDATIVE?

I—Then you think the American woman takes the English husband as a sort of sedative—to soothe the nerves?

LORD NORTHCLIFFE (sparring for time)—Yes—yes—to be sure. Surely. Why not? The Englishman never lets a woman forget that he is the master. He is not cruel, you know, but—

I—He never allows her wholly to forget that the common law permits him to beat her with a stick no larger than his thumb?

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—There's no denying that women, the cleverest of them, like a master. The American man lets his sweetheart, his wife, do too much as she pleases. His real life is spent hanging over the ticker, while she is packed off to Europe, poor thing.

I—But you are telling me why the American woman marries the

Do Englishmen Make Better Hubbies for Our Girls Than the American Product?

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, who was until recently Alfred Harmsworth, owner of several daily, weekly and other publications in London, declared on his arrival here a few days ago that American girls preferred Englishmen as husbands. He said the Englishman was a better life partner than the American because the Briton continued to make love after marriage, while the Yankee devoted his time to making money.

This platform of His Lordship was so daring that The Evening World immediately reproduced his views in full, and they have been freely discussed all over this country and Great Britain.

An elaboration and defense of his position is offered to-day in a spirited interview with Miss Nixola Greeley-Smith, of The Evening World, who takes up the gauntlet for the American man.

English man. I don't think she does it except in a merely commercial spirit, giving her millions in exchange for a title.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—That's what your papers all say. But I don't know of an Anglo-American marriage that was not based on liking. Take the Marlboroughs. Your papers always speak of the Duke as impoverished. Why, in one of his palaces he has as many pictures as your Metropolitan Museum contains. By selling twenty of them he could have obtained as much money as he got with Miss Vanderbilt. He must have liked her, you know. She's very graceful, very clever, writes charming verse, charming prose. I could give you other instances. But I'll think I'll admit that we have your best women, your most beautiful women, in London as English wives.

THE BEST-LOOKING STILL WITH US.

I—But I don't admit it. The most beautiful women in the world are right here in New York.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—You've got to say that in your paper, of course.

I—I mean it. I was brought up in Europe. I've seen all kinds. And if we mentioned all the American women who have married Englishmen one by one, we could recall just one beautiful woman—Lady Curzon, of Kedleston. But, of course, you're going home. I don't expect you to discuss that.

I—You were talking about courtship. How long should a courtship last?

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—Not too long. Not long enough for them to find each other out.

NOW, ARE ENGLISHMEN "MUTTONS?"

I—That privilege being reserved for matrimony. But to return to our muttons—meaning, of course, your Englishmen. Won't you admit that they are a little bit slow? From the time it took some of those I've met to digest an idea I've thought their mental digestive apparatus must be like a camel's—er—you know what I mean.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—But it's the Englishman's phlegm that attracts the American woman. Look at your women here who have married Americans. From all I can learn the women of your "400" are among the most miserable in the world. But there's not a single instance of an American woman being unhappily married to an Englishman.

Here I mentioned a few rumors of domestic unhappiness among Anglo-American households that have reached our shores. But Lord Northcliffe

Miss Nixola Greeley-Smith for the American Man Shows That the Best Looking Girls Are Still with Us.

shrugged them aside with: "All untrue. Very unkind! They're perfectly perfectly happy. Have you read this morning's papers? Did you see that story of Miss Jean Reid's engagement to Viscount Acheson? That makes another charming American girl for us you see."

I (quite without enthusiasm)—Yes, I see.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE (perceiving he had scored and pursuing his advantage)—All your best people are marrying Englishmen—your aristocracy. Here he mentioned the names of two multi-millionaire families.

FOR ARISTOCRACY READ PLUTOCRACY.

I—I'm afraid you have the idea common to many Englishmen that our aristocracy is simply plutocracy. The women with millions are apt to marry Englishmen, I admit. But if you let the word aristocracy mean what it does in England, if we base it on thrice and leisure for hundreds of years, you can find its equivalent only in the Southern States, where the women have scarcely money enough to get to New York, much less go to London and find a husband.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—But the people are so remote. We don't meet them. We can't judge them.

I—But you can't ignore them, nor the millions of other American women who are poor, as you do when you say our best girls marry abroad. The New York society girl goes to London after several seasons here. She is tired, disillusioned to some extent, awfully tired. An Englishman may make a satisfactory husband for her—a sort of rest cure. But normally we prefer our men.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—What a picture of your American society that "House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton, is. So true! Have you read it? It is so evidently written from the inside.

I—Yes, from the inside for the outside, about millions for the million. But those people are so trivial, such a negligible portion of American life, except, of course, to furnish the newspapers with Sunday stories that you take more seriously in England than we do here. But even that, Tilly Bart, loved an American man. You know we do love them—bouquets, bonbons, bromo-seltzer and all. Your men like us.

WOMEN JUST TO AMUSE.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—Yes, you're such charming little creatures—really trained to amuse.

I—But an Englishman never admits that a woman is his intellectual equal.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—Certainly not. She isn't. I don't admit it myself. Women are very intelligent—more intelligent than men. They have a sixth sense. But would you be willing to go into battle under a woman general or a woman admiral? Would you let a lady surgeon with the jumps cut off your arm? Do you think women are the equals of men yourself?

I—Some women are, all women will be. They've just begun to have a chance. And it's America, the American man who has given it to us. We don't forget that.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE—I see you persist in liking him—"Jumps"—and all. Well, take him!

And with that he shook hands and parted. I with the conviction that Lord Northcliffe was himself the best argument in an otherwise indefensible cause.



SWears "Ripper" STABBED HER NECK

Woman Declares Man She Repulsed Trained Her and Inflicted Wound.

Lillian O'Brien, richly dressed, twenty-six years old, and giving her address as No. 150 West Thirty-seventh street, appeared to-day in Jefferson Market Court as the accuser of a well-dressed man, who said he was John Doherty, thirty years old, of No. 230 Harrison street, Brooklyn. The woman accused Doherty of stabbing her in the neck last night at Seventh avenue and Thirty-sixth street.

Pollman Campbell said he found Miss O'Brien bleeding profusely and Doherty in the custody of a crowd. Doherty is alleged to have been drunk and unable to give any coherent account of himself. The man and the woman were taken to the station house and Capt. O'Brien insisted that both should be held.

Miss O'Brien said in court that she had met O'Brien on Broadway and that, after talking to him, she turned away. O'Brien, she said, followed her three hours, until they met face to face at the place of arrest.

After a few words she said he stabbed her in the neck, but she felt no pain and did not know she was wounded until she put up her hand and found it stained with blood.

"Doherty said he wanted to know of the occurrence. A pocket knife was found on him, but it bore no blood stains."

The wound was about half an inch long, on the left side of the neck, and was not serious.

Attorney Michael O'Sullivan, counsel for Doherty, said jewelry the woman wore on her neck had made the wound worse and interested the woman in appeal Tuesday. Doherty was sent on a charge of felonious assault in \$1,000 bail for examination.

A Baby's Taste guided to Grape-Nuts

A minister says: "A few days ago an incident occurred in my home that interested me."

"Our baby boy, a fine specimen of two years and three months old, had been brought downstairs immediately after he awoke."

"He was teething, and had eaten but little food for two or three days, and had to be coaxed to do that. On this particular morning his first request was for Grape-Nuts, of which he is very fond. His mother had some cornmeal mush cooked, and served him with that instead, but after he had looked at it for a moment he pushed it away indignantly, saying: 'I don't want that. I want Grape-Nuts.'"

"Until Grape-Nuts was served to him, which he ate with evident enjoyment. We were interested in his discrimination, and you will doubtless appreciate the boy's taste."

Probably no food in existence—not even excepting the very best prepared baby foods—is as well adapted to the use of infants as Grape-Nuts, well soaked in warm milk.

It contains the elements required for building the bones, and the gray matter in the nerve centers. A child or an adult fed on Grape-Nuts will show marked improvement in physical and mental ability. Many of the elders testify to the removal of physical ailments by abandoning portions of the food that have been in use and taking up Grape-Nuts regularly.

Sold by grocers everywhere, and made at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

\$350 DIAMOND SENT TO PRISON 5 YEARS

That Is, Unless Mae Thomas Consents to an Operation to Remove It.

OMAHA, Neb., July 7.—Mae Thomas, with a \$350 diamond in her system, to-day awaits the officer who will take her to begin a five years' term in the penitentiary. Choosing the hard labor in the prison to the penitentiary of death in an operation, the young woman who is now known the country over as "the girl who swallowed a diamond," still protests her innocence. Nothing but the intervention of the Supreme Court can save her from serving the term which was the alternative of an operation.

Since Shyluck obtained his celebrated award of a pound of flesh so similar case has been so odd as the one of this twenty-year-old girl, who, by her own admission and by the evidence of the X-ray, carries this valuable diamond in her body where it cannot be reached without resorting to a dangerous, possibly fatal, operation.

"Take your diamond, but if the girl dies in the recovery of the gem you will be held for murder," was the Judge's decision at the original hearing when Jeweller T. L. Combs asked to have the \$350 stone restored to him. The slacker of Antonio's feet, without remorse, dropped the diamond, and the girl, without danger of life to the jeweller, was freed.

Mae Thomas, pretty and handsomely groomed, made the clerks in Combs & Co.'s jewelry store careless when she went in to look over their stock of diamonds. Neither clerks nor the young woman knew that two detectives were following her on suspicion that she was guilty of shoplifting in another Omaha store. It was not until the clerk waiting on the young woman had turned her back and Mae had clapped the diamond into her mouth, that the detectives made themselves known by jumping forward and seizing the girl shoplifter.

Mae Thomas says she put the diamond into her mouth to test its hardness by biting it, and that when the detectives suddenly pounced on her she was so startled that she swallowed the gem. She didn't tell this story at first and stoutly maintained her innocence until she had languished in jail some time. Then the pains that accompany an attack of appendicitis betrayed her secret.

Put Under the X-Ray.

The jeweller was more anxious about recovering his gem than about sending her to prison for five years, and to learn the truth the prison physicians put the young woman under an anesthetic and photographed her by the X-ray process.

GIRL WHO SWALLOWED A DIAMOND.



The missing diamond was located tightly clinging to the intestines in the region of the appendix. It had become encased, a membrane forming about it. When the girl learned that the diamond had been located she became despondent, although she feared to go to sleep because she believed she would be drugged and operated on while in that condition. This was impossible under the law, which calls for the patient's consent, and Miss Thomas was anything but willing.

"I'd like Combs to have back his diamond, but I'm not going to let them kill me to do it," she said.

To this the physicians urged that the presence of the gem in her was setting up an inflammation which might endanger her life, and that the operation would be for her own good as well as for Combs's. She was obstinate, and the case was about to proceed when she said her mother's privilege to change her mind. Dr. Henry persuaded her that the operation would not be dangerous.

Jury Pleaded for Clemency.

"Very well," I'm satisfied. Call my attorney and arrange the case," said the prisoner. County Prosecutor Hays spoke up and said that the case was one to be tried by a jury and not a clerk. So the girl who had done some Cleopatra's alleged near-drinking act went on trial for grand larceny, pleading not guilty. She was convicted, the jury making a plea for clemency. Judge Sutton in sentencing her to five years' hard labor said he might give her seven by good behavior she can reduce the term to three years.

The diamond has been considered in the light of an engagement solitaire. For the last six months the girl has been engaged to marry Joseph Hays, a well-known Omaha jeweller. She has promised to testify against him and I believe she was not so much to blame as she was.

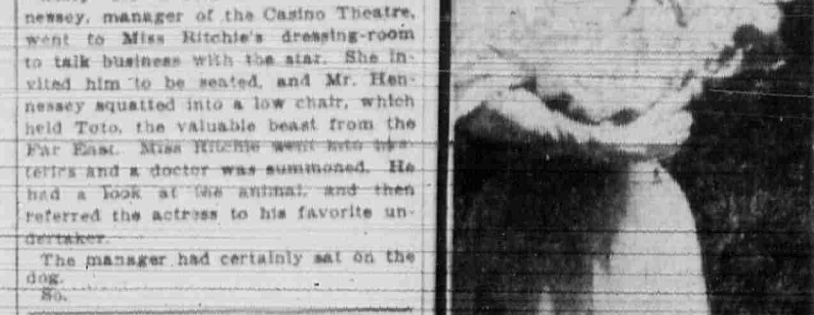
Adele Ritchie Adopts Baby and Loses Dog

The man who gets paid to have Adele Ritchie's name printed in the papers whenever she is entitled to a day off. He worked exceedingly hard yesterday, and in consequence the actress figures doanly as a benefactor and as the loser of a Japanese spool valued at \$500.

Story No. 1 was to the effect that she had adopted an incubator infant from Dreamland, the daughter of Mrs. Guillemette Perna, of No. 352 Twelfth street, Brooklyn. She declared before she could take the infant she was compelled to deposit \$1,000 (in money) as a guarantee of her intention to educate it.

Story No. 2 said that Frank Hennessey, manager of the Casino Theatre, went to Miss Ritchie's dressing-room to talk business with the star. She invited him to be seated, and Mr. Hennessey squatted into a low chair, which held Toto, the valuable beast from the Far East. Miss Ritchie went into the toilet and a doctor was summoned. He had a look at the animal, and then referred the actress to his favorite undertaker.

The manager had certainly sat on the dog.



ACCUSES GIRL, BUT GIVES BAIL FOR HER

Sarnoff Has Her Arrested on Charge, but Says a Man Is Really Guilty One.

Miss Lydia Corduan, a pronounced blonde, of No. 233 Hildene street, Brooklyn, and Charles Bernhart, of No. 31 Cedar street, Brooklyn, were arrested to-day and arraigned in the Centre Street Court on a charge of stealing \$10 from Irving Sarnoff, a hatter, of No. 134 Nassau street, Manhattan.

Miss Corduan, who is twenty years old and quite attractive, was cashier in the hat store, and Bernhart was a salesman. A feature of the arrest which caused comment was the fact that Sarnoff furnished the \$100 bail which Magistrate Finn demanded for the girl's release pending the hearing on Monday. Bernhart's father gave bail for him.

Sarnoff told Magistrate Finn that several other salesmen had been watching Miss Corduan and Bernhart and that it was on the information they furnished that he made the complaint against them.

I furnished bail for Miss Corduan," said Sarnoff, "because without her evidence we could not convict Bernhart. She has promised to testify against him and I believe she was not so much to blame as she was."

The appeal of F. R. Hitchcock from the decision of the Coney Island Jockey Club stewards concerning Go Between, winner of the Suburban Handicap, and Ormonde's Right has been sustained. Action was taken at the meeting of the stewards of the Jockey Club in the Avalon Hotel, this morning, in which that Go Between and Ormonde's Right are ineligible to enter the Commonwealth Handicap, run this afternoon.

The meeting was held in the private apartments of James R. Keene, and besides Mr. Keene there were present August Belmont, J. H. Bradford, F. H. Hitchcock, H. K. Knapp and F. R. Sargent.

On the report of the stewards of the summer meeting of the Coney Island Jockey Club, the assistant secretary was instructed to notify all associations racing under the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club to refuse the entries of the horse Bunderash and all horses owned by Harold Brown and the trainer's license of Henry Harris is suspended for the balance of the racing season of 1906, and the horse Bunderash declared disqualified, and John G. Dorney ruled off the turf.

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TIPPERARY MEETS CLARE ON FIELD

Gaelic Football Feature of the Games To-Morrow at Celtic Park.

The Clare Men's Association expects to add another to its many records at its annual games, which will be held to-morrow at Celtic Park. The record to be made is in the Gaelic football match, in which Tipperary will play Clare. As a display of grace, speed and accuracy the game should surpass any held on the Long Island grounds. Every man of the Tipperary team has played in all-Ireland championship games, and Clare has an equally good selection.

A ladies race, tug-of-war and several athletic events will be held in addition to 1,200 other Gaelic football matches, which South-Down Monaghan and Mayo meets Roscommon.

Hoboken Hotel Man Dead.

George Nagad, who with his brother owned the Morris and Essex Hotel at West and Barclay streets, died at his home, No. 322 Hudson street, Hoboken, N. J., yesterday. Two weeks ago while out riding he was seized with a hemorrhage and fell from his horse.